

# **KHALIKHALCHA**

*[A Nepali Prose poem collection]*

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## **Poem-sequence / कविता-क्रम**

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# 1.

## Underground

In the love of ancestors  
I was getting up with my knees  
When you see that you are weak in hunger and sleep  
The hands were shaking  
Dirty or dirty next to your barracks  
My eyes would glaze over- in front of you  
Your loving tears that fell from the eyelids.

The forehead was wet,  
My mind was soaking wet all the time  
What did I have ?  
Feelings that satisfy your heart !  
There was only one- the one with you  
Torn barkae with dhujadhuja !  
I used to hold that,  
I begged for progress !  
When you carried me in an emotional posture,  
All my shortcomings were filled with life.  
With all your feelings  
Almost working nerves  
In the weeping of the skin of Batsalya  
Filled- the lips dependent on your sorrow.

People of the heart would sometimes ask,  
Even the pious used to say,  
About your condition and my future !  
But you are in a trash can  
You were crying like in the yam of Asouch  
But I wiped your eyes,

I was laughing with future dreams.

Tell you what, when I grow old,  
Abandoned by your wives  
Struggling in many streams of life  
Your eyebrows are as white as the mountains.

Just dawned  
I, like the gentle harmony of light,  
Flying in the cold bugger of Mansarovar  
Your life is like the experience of birds.

Out of love I called you mom  
You used to say Sanu with love.  
But also share with us  
There was nothing but tears.  
We were shedding tears,  
We were also wiping away tears.  
We used to share with our own hands:  
Sour tears to each other !

There were no more tears between us !

As a relative, I was human- my country,  
That powerless motherland !

## खालीखाल्चा

पूर्वजहरूको मायामा  
म उठिरहेथैं मेरो गोडाहरूसँगै  
तिमी भोक र निद्रामा सुस्ताएको देख्दा  
हातहरू कामिरहेका हुन्थे  
मैलो न मैलो तिम्रो बर्कोहरू छेउ  
मेरा आँखाहरू रूभेला हुन्थे- तिम्रोसामु  
परेलाबाट खसेका तिम्रा मायालु आँशुहरूले ।

निधार भिजिरहन्थ्यो,  
भिजिरहन्थ्यो हरपल मन पनि  
मसँग त के नै थियो र ?  
तिम्रो मन बुझाउने भावहरू !  
मात्रै थियो- तिमिसँग बेरिएको एक  
धुजाधुजा भएको च्यातिएको बर्को !  
म त्यसैलाई समाउँथैं,  
प्रगतिका लागि याचना गर्थैं !

जब भावुक मुद्रामा मलाई बोक्थ्यौ,  
मेरा सारा अभावहरूमा प्राण भरिन्थ्यो ।  
तिम्रा सारा भावनाहरूसँग  
लगलग कामेका नसाहरूले  
बात्सल्यताको छालका रूवाइमा  
भरिन्थ्यो- तिम्रो दुखको पराधिन अधर ।

हृदयका मानिसहरू कहिलेकाँही सोध्थे,  
धर्मभिरूहरू पनि बेलाबखत भन्ने गर्थे,  
तिम्रो अवस्था र मेरो भविष्यका बारे !  
तर पनि तिम्री निन्याउरो न्यास्रोमा  
रोझिरहन्थ्यौ आसौचका याममा जस्तै गरी  
तर पनि तिम्रो आँखा पुछेर म,  
हाँसिरहन्थेँ भविष्यका सपनाहरूसँग ।

म के दिउँ तिम्रीलाई भन त वृद्धा,  
परित्यक्त तिम्रा पतिव्रताहरू छेउ  
जीवनका अनेकौँ प्रवाहमा रूभिरहेको

हिमालजस्ता सेता तिम्रा परेलाहरूलाई ।

भर्खरै उज्यालो भोरबाट भरेको  
प्रकाशको कोमल सदभावहरूजस्तै म,  
मानसरोवरको चिसो बगरमा उडेका  
चराहरूका अनुभवजस्तै तिम्रो जीवन ।

मायाले म तिम्रीलाई माँ भन्थेँ,  
तिमी- मायाले सानु भन्थ्यौ ।  
तर पनि हामीसँग बाड्ने  
आँशुबाहेक अरू केही थिएन ।  
हामी आँशु झारिरहेथ्यौँ,  
आँशु पनि पुछिरहेथ्यौँ ।  
आ-आफ्नो हातले बाँडिरहन्थ्यौँ-  
एकअर्काका लागि दिने अमिलो आँशु !

हामी बीच अब त झन अश्रुमुल छँदैथिएन !

नातामा म मानिस थिएँ- मेरो देशको,  
उनी शक्तिहीन मातृभूमि !

## 2. The fun of the festival

When the sun is drying up all over the hill  
Even the fog was awkward.  
Leaving the storm towards the black stone.  
Black people used to grind ghee  
He stabbed her all over her body  
Celebrating Makar Sankranti !

In the bitter taste of the knife  
Lost- the ghee of the poor.  
Ghee was dripping step by step  
Passengers kept exchanging- unhappy mind !

Gheechaku clapped his hands  
Two ekan two, two duna four  
In mathematical drafts.  
Matches were found, answers were not found  
Ghee was available, knife was not available.  
Ghee's job is to rub, they used to rub-  
With the monotonous tunes of Halla Khalla.

The people of Rainabasti were also present at the festival.  
With Amila Nigars climbing the hill.  
At speeds that sound like a jingle bell  
Jhallar Odairahanthe staggered faces  
In Babusaheb's Mastana Rawaf.

Sprouted in a liquid like a knife  
There was a commotion between the spectacles,  
Applause kept ringing on the way- ghee knife!

The applause was bitter.  
The applause was salty too.  
The applause was bitter.  
The sweets were disappearing in my mind:  
Applause was heard with a ghee knife.

At the annual Ghee Knife Festival  
People were bathing in the cold water  
The water kept flowing, the nature kept falling.  
Towards the barren desert plains.

The shells were also drying up  
Drains were also clogged around the settlement  
It used to fall from the mountain every year.  
At the speed of an earthquake, the knives of the knife,  
The plan also came, I knew- maybe suits.

Laskar people kept clapping- slipping  
Ghee was flowing, ups and downs with the poor!

But even living in the village, my masina latpatini  
In the seasonal condition of edible ghee and knives every year  
He was being harassed- how many people.  
He was listening to the song, laughing:  
Som Sharma's slap.

Best wishes for Maghe Sankranti.



२.

## पर्वको रमाइलो

डाँडाभरि घाम सुकिरहँदा  
हुस्सुहरू पनि अक्कासिरहन्थे-  
तुफान छोडेर काला पत्थरतिर ।  
काला मानिसहरू घिउ घस्थे  
चाकु टोकेर तिनका शरीरभरि  
मकर सङ्क्रान्तिको पर्व मानेर !

चाकुका तम्तम्याइँदो स्वादमा  
हराइरहन्थ्यो- गरिबहरूको घिउ ।  
घिउ चुहिरहेथ्यो पाइला पाइलामा  
यात्रुहरू साटिरहन्थे- अमिलो मन !

पिटिरहन्थे घिउचाकु ताली  
दुई एकान दुई, दुई दुना चारका  
गणितीय हिसाबका खेसाहरूमा ।  
हिसाब मिल्थ्यो, उत्तर मिल्दैन्थ्यो  
घिउ मिल्थ्यो चाकु मिल्दैन्थ्यो- बरा ।  
घिउको काम घसिने हो, घसिरहन्थे-  
हल्लाखल्लाका एकतारे धुनहरूसँग ।

रैनाबस्तीका मानिसहरू पनि पर्वमा थिए-  
उकालो चढ्दै गरेका अमिला निगारहरूसँग ।  
भ्याँउकिरीका उराठ धुनभै लाग्ने गतिहरूमा  
भल्लर ओडाइरहन्थे ठिहिरा अनुहारहरूलाई  
बाबुसाहेबका मस्ताना रवाफहरूमा ।

चाकुजस्ता कफीहरूका भोलमा उग्राएका  
तमासेहरू बीच ओहोरदोहोर चलिरहन्थ्यो,  
बाटोमा ताली बजिरहन्थ्यो- घिउ चाकुको !

तालीहरू तीता पनि थिए ।  
तालीहरू नुनिला पनि थिए ।  
तालीहरू अमिला पनि थिए ।  
गुलियाहरू मनमनै हराइरहन्थे-

तालीहरू बजिदिन्थे, घिउ चाकुसँग ।

वर्षेनी आउने घिउ चाकु पर्वहरूमा  
मानिसहरू नुहाइरहन्थे चिसो पानीमा  
पानी बगिरहन्थ्यो, प्रकृति भरिरहन्थ्यो-  
उराठउराठ मरूभूमिका मैदानहरूतिर ।

खोलीहरू पनि सुक्दैगएथे माथितिरै  
नालीहरू पनि जम्दैहिंडेथे बस्तीतिरै  
पहाडबाट हरेक साल भरिरहन्थ्यो, त्यसै-  
भूकम्पका गतिमा चाकुका डल्लाहरू फुत्फुत्,  
योजना पनि त आउँथ्यो, जान्थ्यो- सायद सुट्सुट ।

लस्कर मानिसहरू ताली बजाइरहन्थे- चिप्लिएर  
घिउहरू बगिरहेथे, गरिबसँग उकालो ओरालोभर !

तर पनि गाउँमा बस्ने मेरो मसिने लटपटिन्थ्यो  
वर्षेनी खाने घिउ र चाकुको मौसमी आहालमा  
उसलाई उरालिरहेथे- कति मानिसहरू ।  
उ गीत सुनिरहन्थ्यो, हाँसिरहन्थ्यो-  
सोम शर्माको थपडीमा ।

माघे सङ्क्रान्ति पर्वको शुभकामना ।

### 3. Workout

Overflowing bhaktans  
Between the liver and the heart  
Whenever there was doubt  
In the midst of market rumors  
Surfing young poverty lines  
He kept asking the height of the sky !

It would be ugly to say ugly !  
It was too late to say depth !!

You were far away, in the story of the mice  
I was close, in the pain of cats  
The bell was ringing, of each of the guards  
On the white walls around the horizon

People used to come,  
They used to discuss misfortunes  
He used to ask questions like a heavy rave  
And, tears were falling all over Bagar  
With the trends of Patingar  
On the basis of every agreement.

You don't give any calculations  
I keep talking about account sheets  
With many values of chains

There was no notoriety, there was no good name for you!  
Anonymous was your fatwa Mati !!

Climb up and down with strangers  
Sweat all over the place  
Picked lids would disappear  
In the embarrassing pains of the eyes

They were coming down to the oyster market  
Map of my country and my age  
I was meeting on the beach  
A floating sick ship

I loved the soil a little bit  
How much you loved youth  
Lost affections on command  
I was looking for the equator of my destiny  
Na bazaar the yahan, bajir the,  
The slaves had a market  
With the efforts of change minds  
I was looking for a job in his leela.

Those who saw me used to shower grants  
The foxes were screaming, beside my ears !

I am on the journeys of my life  
I was constantly climbing the hill  
Until the last watch of life  
Carrying a modern cover.

The mountain was laughing, the mountain was burning,  
Hiking for our work !

## ३. कामको कसरत

ओल्लिएका भक्कानोहरू  
कलेजो र हृदयका बीचमा  
जब जब शङ्का गर्न पुग्थे  
बजारका हल्लाहरूका माझमा  
सुर्ताएका कलिला गरिबीका हरफहरू  
सोधिरहन्थे आकाशको उचाइ !

अग्लाइ भन्नु अग्लिनुथ्यो अलिअलि !  
गहिराइ भन्नु होचिनुथ्यो जलिजलि !!

तिमी टाढा थियौ, मुसाहरूका कथामा  
म नजिक थिएँ, विरालोहरूका व्यथामा  
घण्टी बजिरहेथ्यो, प्रत्येक प्रहरहरूका  
क्षितिज वरिपरिका सेता दिवारहरूमा

मानिसहरू आउँथे,  
छलफल गर्थे अनर्थ अनर्थका  
प्रश्न सोध्थे बोभिला रवाफका भैं  
र, आँशुहरू भरिरहेथे बगरभरि  
पतिङ्गरका रूझानहरूसँग  
हरेक सहमतिका बदनियत उपर ।

तिमी नदेउ न त कुनै हिसाबहरू  
म बोकिरहन्छु खाता पाताहरू वारे  
जन्जीरका अनेकौ मूल्यहरूसँग

न बदनाम थ्यो, न सद्नाम थ्यो तिम्रो !  
बेनाम बेनाम थ्यो, तिम्रो फतुवा मति !!

उकालो ओर्लनु पराइहरू साथ  
ओरालोभरि भरिएका पसिनामा  
चुँडकिएका ढाकरहरू हराउँथे  
नजरका लजालु पीडाहरूमा

सीपको बजारमा ओर्लिरहेथे  
मेरो देश र मेरो उमेरको नक्सा

भेटिरहेथैं समुद्रको किनारामा  
ढलपल गरिरहेको रूग्ण जहाज

मसँग माटोको माया थ्यो अलिकति  
तिमीसँग माया थ्यो जवानीका कतिकति  
आदेश उपर हराएका वात्सल्यताहरू  
खोजिरहेथैं मेरो भाग्यको भूमध्यरेखामा

न बजार थे यहाँ, बजीर थे,  
गुलामहरूसँग बजार थ्यो  
बदलाव मतिहरूका प्रयत्नसाथ  
म काम खोजिरहेथैं तिनका लीलामा ।

मलाई देख्नेहरू अनुदान बर्साउँथे  
स्यालहरू कराइरहेथे, मेरा कानको छेउतिर !

म मेरो जीवनका यात्राहरूमा  
निरन्तर पहाडतिर उक्लिरहेथैं  
जीवनको अन्तिम प्रहरसम्म यतै  
आधुनिक ढाकर बोकेर तिनीहरूको ।

हिमाल हाँसिरहेथ्यो, पहाड तातिरहेथ्यो,  
हाम्रो कामका लागि पदयात्राहरू !

## 4. Hope for change

The wind was blowing with the storm  
Stumbling on my eardrums  
With bitter or sour frosts !

In the light of dawn,  
I was blooming with the colors of life  
Laboratory of measles society in Laika Vaka !  
Beautifully decorated and white  
With the fragrance of Harrat's mehfil !

Cold or cold in the wind  
I was dancing while stretching my clothes  
For their merry pleasure  
Sukomal consciousnesses were ashamed  
On the neck of the bridegroom walking around !  
I used to make garlands to decorate someone  
I used to make flowers to worship the gods  
Suitable for site and participation  
Everyone says clean and tidy,  
Conditions continued to deteriorate  
With every chilly morning chill  
Ashamed in front of the heavenly armor !

When I was young, I was excited  
When I was young, there were bansalus  
They used to come to meet in the light of Junkiri  
Smiling in the shadows of the dark night  
I used to call young age with my eyes !

The winters were very cold in front of me  
The ghosts used to wear a lot in front of me  
I used to call the society in a hurry  
Witnesses say 'this is a virgin'  
I was stunned and hopeful again  
I would change it every morning to be clean !

In the conflict of decorators and decorators  
My pure fragrance was running !

I was born one night, I fell another night  
One day whirlpools swarmed in front of me  
Like a spacecraft  
I am from their helpless shadow  
I was screaming in terror with my ancestors  
Listening to statements lost in heaven.

Repeatedly falling  
I was holding on to ideals  
With all the companions of the air  
In the wings of continuous life.

Coyle was just like me,  
The difference is, I was white.  
He is like black or black embers  
Falling weak breeds  
Decorated with hope.

Growing and falling  
To be born and to die  
In the style of virginity !



## ४. बदलाव आशा

तुफानीका साथ चलिरहेथे बतास  
मेरो कानका जालीमा ठक्कर खाँदै  
अमिलो न अमिलो तुषारोहरूसँग !

उज्यालो भोरका तनकमनकमा,  
म फूलिरहेथे जीवनका रङ्गहरू सँगैलेर  
खस्सा समाजका लैबिरि लैका भाकामा !  
सुन्दर र सफेद रूपले सजिएर  
हररातको महफिलका सुगन्धसँग !

चिसा न चिसा बतासका सरगममा  
बस्त्र तन्काइतन्काइ नाचिरहेथे म  
तिनीहरूका मग्न आनन्दका लागि  
सुकोमल चेतनाहरूले लजाउँदै थे  
वरिपरि घुमिरहेका वरका गलामा !

माला बनिदिन्थे कसैलाई सजाउन  
पुष्प बनिदिन्थे देवताहरूलाई पुज्ने  
सुहाउँथे साइत अनि सहभागितामा  
सबैले चोखो भन्ने अनि छुद्र गनिदिने,  
हालतहरू भरिरहन्थे पारिजात भएर  
प्रत्येक मिमिरे विहानीका शीतहरूसँग  
लजाउँदै स्वर्गीय सुरक्षा कवचका सामु !

जब कोपिला भइदिन्थे, उमङ्गिन्थे  
जब तरूण रहिदिन्थे, बैसालुहरू थे  
आउँथे, जुनकिरीका उज्यालामा भेट्ने  
अँधेरी रातको छायाँमा मुस्कुराउँदै  
नजरले बोलाइदिन्थे युवा वयलाई !

शीतहरू खुब साउती गर्थे मेरासामु  
प्रितहरू खुब लाउने गर्थे मेरासामु  
बिचिकबिचकी समाजलाई बोलाउँथे  
साक्षीहरू भनिदिन्थे 'यो त कुमारी छे'  
म दङ्ग परिदिन्थे र आशा लिएर फेरि

बदलिदिन्थेँ चोखो बनेर हरविहानसँग !

सजिने र सजाउनेहरूको द्वन्द्वमा  
चलिरहेथ्यो मेरो चोखो सुगन्ध !

एकरात जन्मन्थेँ, अर्कोरात भर्दथेँ  
एकदिन भँवराहरू घुमेथे मेरासामु  
अन्तरिक्षको वायुयानजस्तै गरी  
म तिनीहरूका लाचार छायाँदेखि  
तर्सिएर कराइरहेथेँ पुर्खाको साथले  
स्वर्गमा हराएको बयानहरू सुनेर ।

बारबार भरिरहेका  
आदर्शहरू थामिरहेथेँ  
वायुका हरसँगतहरूसँग  
निरन्तर जीवनका पङ्खमा ।

कोइली पनि मजस्तै थियो,  
फरक यति हो, म सेतो थिएँ ।  
ऊ कालो न कालो अँगारजस्तो  
भरिरहेका दुर्बल प्रजननहरूले  
सजिएर बदलिएका आशाहरूसँग ।

उम्रिरहने अनि भरिरहने  
जन्मिरहने अनि मरिरहने  
कुमारी प्रथाका शैलीमा !

## 5. Perfume in Leela

Even the leaves of the garden's uttis  
It used to be like tea while sleeping  
With the loving scents of perfume,  
Sticking to the illusions of Sagol.

There were peacocks all over Leela's house:  
The stones are cracking.  
The joy of the mirror shone in the spring  
The scent of perfume  
Krishnalila's exalted minds.

Germes growing in the weather  
He used to sell his legs in a new way  
Smile lightly on footsteps !  
Disappointing perfumes of eye gestures  
They would not close the box with Krishna's leela  
The moment of gift that is fading like you  
The colors of frozen water like snow !

His mind was fluttering like fog  
In the perfume of the site by deceiving the seasons too  
Leela! Leela !! Leela !!! Leela again  
The swan of the world in the midst of dancing !

The steps were moving in the vibration of confusion  
In the tree of steps under the influence of Shalin Shakti  
Leaving and pulling clothes  
The effects of perfume would sink with the mind towards the drain!  
When I reached the road, I was shocked

The stench of perfume turned red with me

Autumn also lost sometimes

In beauty pageants.

The redness of the lilac

Lilas climbed in red

He would not dance all over the road now

Between the whispers of the parliamentary debate !

But the fun of life was revolving around you !

## ५. लीलामा अत्तर

बगानका उत्तीसका पत्ताहरू पनि  
सुइरिरहेका बेला चियाजस्तै बन्थे  
अत्तरका मायालु सनमहरूसँग,  
सगोलका दृष्टिभ्रमहरूले टाँसिएर ।

लीलाको घरहरूभरि मयूर थियो-  
पत्थरहरू चर्किरहेका प्रहरमा ।  
ऐनाका मगन भुल्किदिन्थे बहार  
अत्तरका सकुशल सुगन्धहरूछेउ  
कृष्णलीलाको उत्कर्ष मनहरूसँग ।

मौसममा पलाउँदै गरेका जुनहरू  
खुट्टा बजारिदिन्थे नवीन ढङ्गमा  
पदचापका हल्काहल्का मस्काइछेउ !

आँखाका ईसाराका निराश अत्तरहरू  
बक्सामा बन्द हुँदैनथे कृष्णका लीलासँग  
तुवाँलोजस्तै धुम्मिरहेको सौगातको क्षण  
तुषारोजस्तै जमेका चिसापानीका रड !

कुहिरोजस्तै बतास्सिइरहेका तिनका मन  
ऋतुहरूलाई पनि छलेर साइतका अत्तरमा  
लीला ! लीला !! लीला !!! फेरि लीलाहरू  
नृत्यनादका बीच दुनियाका हंस बहार !

भ्रमबसका कम्पनमा चलिरहेथे पाइलाहरू  
शालिन शक्तिका असरमा कदमका वृक्षमा  
छोडिरहेका र तानिरहेका बस्त्र हरणहरू पनि  
अत्तरका प्रभाव मनसँग डुबिदिन्थे नालातिर !

जब सडकमा पुग्दथेँ आवेगले भटारिएर  
अत्तरका दुर्गन्धहरू लाली बनिदिन्थे मैसँग

शरद ऋतु पनि हारिदिन्थ्यो कहिलेकाँही  
सौन्दर्य प्रतियोगितामा ।

लीलामा चढेका लालीहरू  
लालीमा चढेका लीलाहरू  
सडकभरि नचाइदिन्थे अचेल  
ससद बहसका कानेखुसी बीच !

तर जीवनको लीला तिमीसँगै घुमिरहेथ्यो फटाफट !

## 6. Postmodern Epic

Janapurnima days  
Laila Majnus were dancing  
With postmodern epic  
Sweet songs of various styles  
In the illusory brain consciousness  
My leadership was weak  
In the dimensions of each character !

Some of them were Brahmins- close characters  
Like Bratalu training in fasting  
Humor in the story of the postmodern era  
With the epic lost in the melody of vitality !

Folk epics were shorted out  
Named the Nakavi Modern Society,  
Mantras used to resound in the school  
Modern outs with postmodern story  
He was still in love, forgetting himself  
Among the young children of the dream garden

The old Chanchari, Asare and Dhan dances  
Cutting into the trap of postmodernism- scene,  
By orphaning my cultural stories.

Suffering from many aspects of the lecture  
Scholars' heads and flowing hair  
Godan was whispering to his sons  
I was silent with the jingles of the lecture  
They were screaming at Mike's big arrogance !

Episodes of Epic were fragmented- in the mind  
The splendor of Arshpurush and the voice of Matai,  
With the issue of orthodox writers.  
And forgetting yourself  
Exclusive friends remembering others  
He was in the shadow of the underworld  
When they stood in the midst of the snake's fangs  
He used to cry because of water in his childhood.

The events of each epic were frozen  
In the water like the snow of the mountains,  
They could not flow, they could not freeze  
Postmodern placards !

Manchner of postmodern society  
The protagonist of the epic was weak- on the road.



## ६. पोष्टमोर्डन एपिक

जनैपूर्णमाका दिन  
लैला मजनूहरू नाचिरहेथे  
पोष्टमोर्डन एपिकहरूसँग  
विविध बान्कीका मधुर गीतले  
भ्रमपूर्ण मस्तिष्कका चेतनामा  
मेरा नायकत्व सिथिल हुन्थे  
प्रत्येक चरित्रका आयामहरूमा !

जनैका ब्राम्हणहरू थिए— नजिकका पात्र  
उपवासमा बसेका ब्रतालु तालिमेजस्ता  
पोष्टमोर्डन युगको कथामा हौसिएकाहरू  
जीव्यताका धुनमा हराएका एपिकसँग !

लोकका एपिकहरू सर्टाउट थिए  
नकावी मोर्डन सोसाइटीका नामले,  
मन्त्र पाठशालामा गुन्जिदिन्थे खासमा  
मोर्डन आउटहरू पोष्टमोर्डन कथासँग  
प्रेम गरिरहेथे आफैलाई बिर्सेर अचेल  
स्वप्न गार्डेनका कलिला नानीहरू माझ

उहिलेका चाँचरी, असारे र धान नाचहरू  
पोष्टमोर्डानिज्मको धरापमा काटिरहेथ्यो- दृश्य,  
मेरा सांस्कृतिक कहानीहरूलाई टुहुरो बनाएर ।

व्याख्यानका अनेक सूत्रहरूसँग दुखिरहेका  
प्राज्ञहरूका टाउका अनि फुलिरहेका कपालहरू  
सर्सराउँदै गोदान गरिरहेथे पुत्रहरूको याचनामा  
म चुपचाप थिएँ— व्याख्यानका जङ्चरहरूसँग  
उनीहरू चिल्लाइरहेथे माइका ठूला दम्भले !

एपिकका एपिसोडहरू खण्डित थिए- मनमा  
आर्षपुरुषको वैभव र मताइको स्वर,  
रूढ बखितमका लेखन्दासहरूको मुद्दासँग ।  
आफूलाई बिसिरहेका अनि

अरूलाई सम्भरहेका अनन्य मित्रहरू  
पातालका नागलोकका सयरमा थिए  
जब नागको फणाबीच उभिन पुग्थे ती  
पानी पानी भएर रोइदिन्थे बालापनमा ।

हरेक एपिकका घटनाहरू जमिरहेथे  
हिमालहरूका हिउँजस्तै पानीमा,  
न बग्न सक्थे ती न जम्न सक्थे  
पोष्टमोर्डनका प्लेकार्डहरू !

उत्तर आधुनिक समाजको मञ्चनेर  
महाकाव्यको महापात्र दुर्बल थियो— सडकमा ।

## **7. A pair of scientists**

The same thing happened in my yard  
Occasional worms  
Are of different shapes and dispositions.  
I am watching them.  
About their way of life !

They are scattering in the stage of life development  
With tender and soft body touches  
A pair of scientists using tweezers  
Engaged in surgery- in the laboratory !

Those who are scattering in experimental practice,  
Scientists looking for clues  
Hearts are near the blood cells of the heart  
Asking questions about the meaning of life development  
And they were laughing at the base camp.

They are scattering like the current train  
Her navels were in an empty emptiness-  
Drenched in puddles of blood !

Railroads and landmines  
They are the same, they become the same-  
Like a pair of scientific statements  
Trips scattering on the ground  
I used to live in a chiropractor like Gadyaula  
In the dim light of a small courtyard !

Looking for answers and finding evidence  
They have been missing since ancient times  
A pair of scientific facts  
Development is defined as corruption-  
Honeymoon Scientific White Papers !

Gadyaula is shaking in development  
So far Sanam scientists  
Frying in the train exit  
Uta's renowned scientists  
It seemed the same- different in thinking.  
It seemed the same- different in truth.

The minds of people like me who are confused  
Half asleep in scientific tests !

Scattering like a train  
Gadyaula would jump  
As a freight container  
Across my lab table !

Scientific discoveries were shocking to me  
Magical Leela !

## ७. एकजोडी वैज्ञानिक

मेरा आँगनमा त्यसै भरेका  
बेलाबेलाका गड्यौलाहरू  
फरक आकार र स्वभावमा छन् ।  
म उनीहरूलाई नियालिरहेछु ।  
तिनीहरूको जीवन पद्धतीबारे !

जीव विकासका चरणमा छटपटाइरहेका  
कलिला एवं मुलायम शरीरका स्पर्शहरूसँग  
एकजोडी वैज्ञानिकहरू चिम्टाले चलाउँदै  
शल्यक्रियामा व्यस्त छन्- प्रयोगशालामा !

प्रयोग अभ्यासमा छटपटाइरहेका ती,  
सूत्रहरू खोजिरहेका वैज्ञानिकहरूका  
मन मुटुहरू गड्यौलाका रक्त कोशिकाछेउ  
प्रश्न सोधिरहेथे जीवन विकासको अर्थ  
र हौस्याइरहेथे आधार शिविरलाई ।

अचेलका रेलजस्ता छटपटाइरहेका  
तिनका नाभीहरू तर्क शून्यतामा थिए-  
रगतका पिच्छाहरूमा लटपटिएर !

थल मार्गका रेल र गड्यौलाहरू  
उस्तै छन्, त्यस्तै त्यस्तै बन्छन्-  
एकजोडी वैज्ञानिकका वकपत्रजस्तै  
माटोमाथि छटपटाइरहेका यात्राहरू  
गड्यौलाजस्तै चिरफारमा रहन्थे म  
सानो आँगनको मधुरो उज्यालो बीच !

खोजिरहेका उत्तर र भेटिरहेका प्रमाणहरू  
गतिरोधमा हराइरहेथे प्राचीनकालदेखि  
एकजोडी वैज्ञानिकका तथ्यहरूसँग  
विकासका भ्रष्टतातिर परिभाषित छन्-  
सुहागरातका वैज्ञानिक स्वेतपत्रहरू !

गड्यौला विकासमा हल्लिरहेका

यताका सनम वैज्ञानिकहरू  
रेल निकासमा तल्लिन रहेका  
उताका स्वनाम वैज्ञानिकहरू  
उस्तैउस्तै लाग्थे- चिन्तनमा फरक ।  
त्यस्तैत्यस्तै लाग्थे- सत्यमा फरक ।

अल्मलिरहेका मेराजस्तै मानिसहरूका मन  
वैज्ञानिक परीक्षणमा उँघिरहेथे अर्ध निद्राले !

रेलजस्तै छट्पटिएर  
गड्यौला उफ्रिदिन्थ्यो  
मालवाहक कन्टेनरको रूपमा  
मेरो प्रयोगशालाको टेबलभरि !

वैज्ञानिक खोज हैरान हुन्थे मसँगै  
मायावी जादूका लीला !

## 8. **I swear**

While many questions are being raised  
They were coming around the Himalayas  
Carrying a bag like a beggar in front of me  
Man of eternal hunger heart !

Whispering bankrupt thoughts  
Eyes and minds searching for answers  
Were flying- holding the waves of the wind !

From the heart to the depths of emotions  
Memory identities looking for answers  
Aglaagla was with the peaks of the mountains  
From time to time with honesty !

All human beings had ideal consciousness  
Here and there with garbage !  
In the weary steps of the fearless journey,  
They were measuring up or down  
Many stories to the hearth of poetry !

Those who came to lose were losing themselves  
Those who came to the rescue were living by themselves  
Among the flowers of bravery at every step  
Puppies were in memory- towards the mountains.  
The olive groves were in the skull of the city:  
With blood like the vermilion of splendor and courage.

Even so, owning one is still beyond the reach of the average person.  
In the sad hearts that have risen in memory !

Climbing the mountain of problems  
My knees in the waves of memory  
Nowadays, it used to flow with tender consciousness  
With a smile on Puppy's decoration, on his shoulder  
With the eternal rage of horror !

To my north was the experience of Cisno  
Next to me was Vanamara Suhai  
To my south was the nonsense robe  
I was looking for answers in everyone's answers:  
Religion of the high and low mountains of memory !

With burning old wounds  
Climbed the mountain of memories !  
Every step of life  
Your objectives  
All the winners

Haridinthe Kadamkadamka Sochle !



## ८. कसमको डम्फू

अनेक प्रश्नहरू उठ्दैबस्दै गर्दा  
आइरहेथे हिमालयका छेउछाउ  
याचकभै भोला बोकेर मेरासामु  
अनन्त भोको हृदयको मानिस !

टाट पल्टिएका विचारहरू गुन्गुनाउँदै  
उत्तर खोजिरहेका आँखा अनि मनहरू  
उडिरहेका थिए- बतासका छालहरू समाएर !

भावनाहरूका हृदयदेखि गहिराइसम्म  
उत्तर खोजिरहेका स्मृतिका पहिचानहरू  
अग्लाअग्ला पहाडका चुचुरासँग हुन्थे  
बेलाबखत होच्चिरहेका इमानहरूसँग !

सबै मानिसका आदर्श चेतनाहरू थिए-  
यता अनि उता पनि फोहरहरूसँग !  
निर्भीक यात्राका थकित पाइलामा,  
घट्नु वा बढ्नुको नापमा आइरहेथे  
अनेक कथाहरू कविताका चुलीतिर !

हराउन आउनेहरू हारिरहेथे आफै  
बचाउँन आउनेहरू बाँचिरहेथे आफै  
हरकदमका बहादुरीका फूलहरूमाभ  
पप्पी फूलहरू स्मृतिमा थिए- पहाडतिर ।  
जैतुनका गुनहरू सहरका खोपीमा थिए-  
बैभव र शाहसका सिंदूरजस्ता रगतसँग ।

तैपनि पहाडपहाड थ्यो युध्दकको,  
स्मृतिमा चढेका हरदुखित मनहरूमा !

समस्याको पहाडमा उक्लिरहेका  
मेरा गोडाहरू स्मृतिका छालहरूमा  
बगिदिन्थे आजकल कोमल चेतनाले  
पप्पीका सजावटमा मुस्कुराएर काँधमा  
विभत्सताको सनातन रजाइशका साथ !

मेरो उत्तरपट्टि सिस्नोका भोगाइ थियो  
मेरो छेउपट्टि वनमाराका सुहाइ थियो  
मेरो दक्षिणपट्टि बकवास जामा थियो  
सबका उत्तरहरूमा उत्तर खोजिरहेथेँ-  
स्मृतिको अग्लो-होचो पहाडको धर्म !

बल्जिरहेका पुराना घाउहरूसँग  
चढिएथे स्मृतिका पहाड !  
जीवनका हर पाइलाहरू  
आफ्ना उद्देश्यहरू  
सब जितेकाहरू

हारिदिन्थे कदमकदमका सोंचले !

## 9. Zebra-cross

We were in the corner of the jail  
They are in the window of religious myth  
They are waiting at the transit point,  
The Buddhas do not find a way to the entry path  
Missing entry permits at the door !

With the story of the past and the future  
The desires of the present torn apart  
The form of thirst that has been subdued  
The tricks of selfishness move around  
Feelings of selflessness are transmitted  
Looking for an entry path in the mindset:  
Intoxicated incarnations of my peace !

During the heyday, the monks would meditate  
At the time of the conclusion, the Brahmans were in charity,  
Avatar changes were blocking me  
With those who are confused on the no entry path !

But still Krishna's leelas were hanging  
Standing in the consciousness of inertia and swinging,  
Those who were born were dying on the streets  
The dead were still trying to be born  
Snake tongues salivating at the entry path

With the seasons all the time  
The same dazzling attitudes  
The roads were jammed towards the crowds  
Among the colorful scarves of vermilion !

The same thing has happened today:  
Searching for every entryway in life,  
He realized inconsistency here and there !

## ९. जेब्रा-कस

हामीहरू जेलको कुनामा थौं  
उनीहरू धार्मिक गाथाको भयालमा  
तिनीहरू ट्रान्जिट प्वाइन्टमा पर्खेका,  
बुद्धहरू बाटो नपाएर इन्ट्रि पाथतिर  
हराइरहेका प्रवेशाज्ञाका निषेध द्वारमा !

भूत अनि भविष्यका कथ्य कहानीसँग  
वर्तमानका विदिर्ण भोगाइका स्वेच्छाहरू  
तलतल गरेका प्यासका लीला-स्वरूप  
वरवर सरिदिन्छन् स्वार्थका चक्काहरू  
परपर सरिदिन्छन् निःस्वार्थका भावहरू  
मानसिकतामा इन्ट्रि पाथ खोजिरहे-  
मात लागेका मेरा अमनका अवतारहरू !

उत्कर्षका बेला भिक्षुहरू ध्यानमा हुन्थे  
निष्कर्षका बेला ब्रह्माहरू दानमा रहन्थे,  
अवतार परिवर्तनहरू छेकिरहेथे मलाई  
नो इन्ट्रि पाथमा अल्मलिरहेकाहरूसँग !

तर पनि कृष्णका लीलाहरू भुलिरहेथे  
जडताका चेतनामा उभिएर भुलनामा,  
जन्मएकाहरू मरिरहेथे सडकमा अचेल  
मरेकाहरू जन्मन खोजिरहेथे त्यसैत्यसै  
इन्ट्रि पाथमा सलबलाएर नागका जिब्राहरू

हरेक समय मौसमहरूसँग  
उसैउसै तिल्मिलाउने दृष्टिकोणहरू  
सडक जामजस्तै थिए भीडभाडहरूतिर  
सिंदुरका रङ्गिला अछेताहरू माझ !

आजको दिन पनि त्यसैत्यसै भएछ-  
जीवनका हर इन्ट्रिपाथहरू खोज्दै हिंड्दा,  
यता न उता अल्मलिएर विसंगती बोधले !

## **10. Parasitic tendency**

Krishna's birth anniversary in Mathura  
Welcome to Brindavan  
The race for leadership is in the midst of unfortunate rain  
Hands clasped in front of the curtain  
The parasites of the parasitic model in Yam  
It was raining all over the road !

Umbrellas were opening the consciousness of harmony  
Relationships were spilling the desires of luxury  
The rain kept falling along with the clouds  
Between the tuppi and the planks growing on the palate.

Minds like the frost of winter  
Hot drops of cold would fall  
Her eyes flickered to the ground  
Umbrellas and human tales.

Not to be seen as the consciousness of the mind  
Uncomprehensible like a body piercer  
With the red-eyed dress  
Between the white garments like a soft heart  
My tendencies were to acquire wisdom:  
From peaks to private memories of the plains.

Today's world does not have good teachers  
The idea of a drought was debated,  
Among the notions of peace to uphold tradition.

Being a parasite does not mean sticking to others

Survival tendencies would run away  
Standing in the eternal fascination of shame !

Let the rains pour down  
Roofs like water flowing under umbrellas  
Even the eternal filth of the washed heart.

I used to stick my life somewhere  
Like a little coat hanging on a fort  
Pardharma sang the song of Virangana !

Unwavering memories weaved the story  
With the flute tunes of words of thanks !

## १०. परजीवि प्रवृत्ति

मथुरामा कृष्णको जन्मोत्सव  
बृन्दावनमा भक्तिभक्ताउ स्वागत  
नेतृत्वको दौडादौड अभागी भरीबीच  
हातहरू कामिदिन्ये भल्लरका अगाडि  
परजीवि मोडलका उत्कर्षहरूले याममा  
पानी परिरहन्थ्यो हिलाम्य सडकभर !

सद्भावका चेतनाहरू खोलिरहेथे छाताहरू  
वैभवका चाहनाहरू पोखिरहेथे नाताहरू  
भरि भरिरहन्थ्यो बादलहरूसँग मिलेर  
टुप्पी र तालुमा उम्रिएका तखताहरू बीच ।

हिउँदै चिस्यानका तुषाराजस्ता मनहरू  
तपतप शीतका थोपाहरू खसिदिन्ये  
तिनका नजरका आँखी भूईँमा तर्किएर  
छाता र मानवका सुकिला कथाहरूसम्म ।

मनका चेतनाजस्तै देख्न नसकिने  
तनका भेदकजस्तै बुझ्न नसकिने  
लाल आँखामा उदाएका पहिरनसँग  
सुकिलो मनजस्तै सेता वस्त्रहरू बीच  
मेरा प्रवृत्तिहरू बुद्धत्व प्राप्त गरिदिन्ये-  
शिखरदेखि समतलका निजी स्मरणसम्म ।

आजको दुनियाँ असल शिक्षकहरूको थिएन  
खडेरी पेरका विचारहरू सङ्कट बहस गर्थे,  
परम्परालाई धान्न अमनका धारणाहरू बीच ।

परजीवि हुनु अरूसँग टाँसिएर बाँच्नु न हो  
बाँचिदिने प्रवृत्तिहरू ठाढाठाढा भागिदिन्ये  
लज्जाका चिरन्तर मोहपासमा ठडिएर !

आउ वर्षाहरू ओतहरू च्यातिने गरी  
बगिदेओस् छाताका पानीजस्तै छतहरू  
पखालिएर मनका अनन्त कल्मष समेत ।



जीवन टाँसिदिन्थें अचेल कतैतिर  
किलामा भुण्डिएको थोत्रो कोटजस्तै  
विराङ्गनाको गीत गाएर परधर्मले !

अविचलित स्मरणहरू कथा बुनिदिन्थे  
आभार शब्दका मुरली धुनहरूसँग !

## 11. Nicotine of change

Like weeds growing in the desert  
The uniqueness of the weeds growing on the seams  
And between the more specific differences  
Scientists were researching:  
Around the lab room !

Mutually reacted chemicals  
Mutually Acting Chemicals  
The difference between the two is that they are:  
Nicotine supply to Manas Chetan !

Reactive chemicals in politics  
Activated chemicals in sociology  
Symbolically towards reaction  
Pain was flying in front of my shoulder  
Scattered desolate role transcendence !

Lollipops sold in the shell of change  
Nicotine was screaming in pain  
Khusamatka Shalin Hast Malaima,  
Of people walking down the street  
I was selling my skills in the selection  
Lives in the volume of the moment !

With toxic nicotine  
In the tunes of nerve changes  
The people of the capital used to eat it  
Along with Akbar's jokila costume  
They are salvaging my heart

The tragic Pasteurs were liberating virgins  
To the boy who flew on my shoulder !  
Nicotine-free frozen transformation  
Nicotine frozen frozen in transformation  
Like the water of desire and the drain of change.

Tears of nicotine stick  
When the eyebrows are falling  
We were helpless, the weather was kind  
Amidst the toxic waiting for change !

## ११. परिवर्तनको निकोटिन

मरूभूमिमा उम्रने भारजस्तै  
सिममा उम्रने भारका विशिष्टता  
अनि थप विशिष्ट अन्तरका बीच  
वैज्ञानिकहरू अनुसन्धानमा थिए-  
प्रयोगशालाका कक्ष वरिपरि !

एकआपस रियाक्टेड केमिकलहरू  
एकआपसमा एक्टेड केमिकलहरू  
परिवर्तनका अन्तर भेदकमा थिए-  
मानस चेतनका निकोटिन प्रदत्तस्थल !

राजनीतिका रियाक्टेड केमिकलहरू  
समाजनीतिका एक्टेड केमिकलहरू  
साङ्केतिक रूपमा रियाक्सनतिर  
उडिरहेथे मेरा काँधका सामु दुखले  
छरपष्ट उजाड भूमिका अतिक्रममा !

परिवर्तनका खोलमा बेचिने ललिपप  
निकोटिनका दर्दनामा चिच्याइरहेथे  
खुसामतका शालीन हस्त मलाइमा,  
सडकमा हिँडिरहेका मानिसहरूका  
रोजाइमा बेचिरहेथे आफ्ना सीपलाई  
प्रतिपलका आयतनमा जिन्दगीहरू !

विषाक्त निकोटिनसँग  
नसाका परिवर्तनका धुनहरूमा  
खपिदिन्थे अचेल राजधानीका मानिसहरू  
अकबरका जोकिला परिधानसँगसँगै  
मेरा मनका आघातमा सल्वलाएर तिनीहरू

मर्मन्त पाशचरहरू मुक्ति कन्याइरहेथे  
मेरो काँधमा फुङ्ग उडेको छारोलाई !  
निकोटिनमा जमेका परिवर्तनका लेउहरू  
परिवर्तनमा जमेका निकोटिनका भ्याउहरू  
इच्छाका पानी र परिवर्तनका नालीजस्तै ।

आँशुका निकोटिनले लट्टिएर  
परेलाहरू भरिरहेका बेला  
बेतरह थियौं, मौसम दयाको साथमा  
परिवर्तनको विषाक्त पर्खाइ बीच !

## 12. Ground sun

It is very difficult to get power,  
The time of weeds on the ground  
But the weeds were still in power.  
Sticking to the sweat of the sun !

Like the reflection of eternal light  
For the sake of the dawn of the horizon  
The sun-dreamed paths were jammed  
With the highest mountains on the ground  
Ratamya was made like a stone gift,  
And when the seas of the seas would rise  
Even the reluctant brides of the evening  
There would be blood around the Red Sea !

In the wedding pavilion, the bridegroom's court marriage,  
The smoke of sovereignty was running on the leaves of the clock !

The power of people lost on the ground  
The sun was shining on the ground  
With the soft lymph lights of the lymph,  
On the flight of the dark night Junkiri !

People like the destinationless sun  
The confusing suns of the sky like the earth !  
People say sunburn is caused by:  
Every morning at the price of a gossip shop !

Smoky weather was defined as:  
Mothers, brothers and fathers and selfishness

He would get drunk and fall on the road from time to time  
Between Gafadis' tea and Chautara !

Here's a sneak peek of the smokers  
The challenges of smoke addicts  
He remained mad like the dust of the earth  
Singing dissonant songs around my eyes !

I am a man on the ground where the sun is shining  
He is a Boi man watching the sun  
In the deceptive flow of distant weather  
We were flying, searching for ourselves  
In the throes of despair,  
Today's people are flying, flying  
Like a drunken drunkard with the bastards of the path !

We were on the ground- pieces of lice falling from the sky  
With Abir's passions rushing in liquidity !  
In the guise of a frozen nature  
The ground was covered with sun.

I was hiding, I was writing- your love story  
The bright lights of the constellations  
They were constantly away- coming into the eyes.

## १२. भूईं घाम

सत्ता प्राप्त गर्न ठूलो कठिन हुँदो हो,  
भूईंका भारपातहरूका समयलाई  
तर पनि भारपातहरू सत्तामा थिए-  
घामका पसिनाहरूमा टाँसिएर !

अनन्त उज्याला प्रतिबिम्बजस्तै  
जबजब क्षितिजका भोरका खातिर  
जम्जमाइदिन्थे सूर्यस्वप्निल पथहरू  
भूईंका अग्लाअग्ला पहाडहरूसँग  
राताम्य बनिदिन्थे प्रस्तर वरदानभै,  
र मौसमका सागरहरू अडिदिन्थे जब  
सन्ध्याका अनिच्छाका सुहागहरू पनि  
रगताम्य भइदिन्थे लालसागर वरिपरि !

विवाह मण्डपमा वरबधुका कोर्टम्यारिजले,  
सर्वसत्ताका धूम्रपान चल्थे तासका पत्तीमा !

भूईंमा हराएका मान्छेहरूका सत्ता  
भूईंका घाम तापिरहेथे सत्ताहरू  
लम्फाका मधुरा लम्फु प्रकाशहरूसँग,  
अँधेरी रातका जुनकिरीका उडानमा !

गन्तव्यहीन घामजस्तै मान्छेहरू  
भूईंजस्तै गगनका अन्यौल घामहरू !  
मान्छे भन्नु घामको ज्वरोत्पत्ति हुन्थे-  
हरविहानका गफ पसलका दरभाउमा !

धूवाँमा रङ्गिएको मौसम परिभाषित हुन्थे-  
मातृ, भातृ औ पितृ र स्वार्थसत्ताहरू  
मातृ लागेर सडकमा पछारिन्थे बेलाबेला  
गफाडीहरूका चिया र चौतारामाभ !

यता धूम्रपान गर्ने दुर्व्यसनीहरूका कुल्फी  
उता धूँवाछाप व्यसनीहरूका ललकारहरू  
भूईंका धूलाहरूजस्तै पागल बनी रहिदिन्थे



मेरा नजरका वरिपरि बेसुरा गीतहरू गाएर !

म घाम तापिरहेको भूईको मान्छे  
ऊ घाम हेरिरहेको बोईको मान्छे  
टाढा मौसमका छलिँदा प्रवाहमा  
उडिरहेथ्यौं, खोजिरहेथ्यौं आफूनेर  
स्पर्शका तमाम निराशका चक्काहरूमा,  
उडाइरहेका, उडिरहेका आजका मान्छे  
मात लागेको रक्स्याहाभै पथका हरामसँग !

भूईमा थियौं- आकासबाट खसेका जुनका टुक्रा  
तरलतामा बग्गदाबग्दै अबीरका जोशहरूसँग !  
बगिरहने फगत जमिरहने स्वभावका कलेवरमा  
भूई घाममा ओल्छिदिन्थ्यो मान्छेको आक्रोस ।

ढुकिरहेथेँ, लेख्दथेँ- तिम्रो प्रेमकथा  
तारामण्डलका चम्किला ज्योतिहरू  
निरन्तर टाढा थिए- आइरहेथे आँखाहरूमा ।

### 13. Dummy mind

Ba ! A Ba !! Dear Ba !!!  
You shouldn't talk to me  
Baka Chauri's face  
And the eyes that fell to the ground  
With frowning forehead  
With indigestible body of dried bako  
I used to shout in remembrance  
My hair is everywhere and every moment  
I could not hear the voice in my ears  
Mamata's melodious voice said, "Hail!"

I got up in the morning and took a bath on the day of Aunsi  
I brought sweets to say that Ba is coming  
And the rest of the stories of friends  
Ishtamitra's extravagance and decency  
Sampanna Baka Shahs and Poorakhs  
I heard him everywhere I went !

But nowhere to be seen, not found.  
Wonder my father, where is he ?  
Neither before nor after the New Moon Day nor Facebook,  
When I didn't find him, I would go to the morgue and look for him.  
Surprised, my eternal affections for Bapi  
I cried, screamed, sighed and became depressed.

Disappointment was the basis of my life:  
Hope is the basis of need !

No matter how much you call your father

Would not come near, would not speak,  
Sons, daughters, grandsons, granddaughters all  
They also searched my hair on Facebook  
But all lost, old age home, heaven  
Deceptive, happy and miserable arms  
All found on Facebook walls,  
Why my father was not found, could not be understood.

Achel Balai in Advertising Modeling  
I was very persuasive through dummies  
Tears streaming down my cheeks are hidden inside me  
Baka's insatiable beats with dramatic scenes  
They were eager to find a surrogate !

Memories of hypocrisy were all over the screen:  
Without finding anyone's key !

Mothers would be shocked to find a good father !

## १३. डमी मन

बा ! ए बा !! प्यारो बा !!!  
बा बोल्नु हुन्थेन मसँग  
बाका चाउरी परेका मुहार  
अनि आँखीभूई भरेका आँखा  
निधार खुम्चिएका निधारसँगै  
सुकेका बाको अजीर्ण शरीरसँग  
सम्भ्रसम्भ्री चिच्याउँथे त्यसै  
मेरो बालाई जताततै र पनि हरपल  
स्वर सुन्न सकिरहेको थिईन कानमा  
ममताको सुरिलो स्वरले “जयहोस् !”

विहानै उठेर औंसीका दिन नुहाएँ  
बा आउनुहुन्छ भनेर मिठाइ ल्याएँ  
अनि साथीभाइका बाका कहानीहरू  
इष्टमित्रका बाका वैभव र शालीनताहरू  
सम्पन्नका बाका शाहस र पौरखहरू  
बाटोभर जता जान्थे सुनिदिन्थे तिनलाई !

तर पनि कतै देखिनु भएन, भेटिनु भएन ।  
अचम्म मेरो बा लावारिस, कता हो कता ?  
न अधिपछि न औंसीको दिन न फेसबुक,  
न भेटेपछि म शबगृहमा पुगेर बा खोज्दथेँ !  
हैरान हुन्थे, बाप्रति मेरा अनन्त मोहहरू  
रून्थे, कराउँथे, पिल्पिलाउँथे र निराश हुन्थे ।

निराशा मेरो जीवनको आधार थियो-  
आशा आवश्यकताका आधार !

आफ्नो त बालाई जति बोलाए पनि  
आउनुहुन्थेन नजिकतिर, बोल्नुहुन्थेन,  
छोरा, छोरी, नाति, नातिनाहरू सबैले  
मेरो बालाई फेसबुकतिर पनि खोजेछन्  
तर सब हराएका, वृद्धाश्रमका, स्वर्गका  
छलिएका, हेपिएका तथा दीनदुखी बाहरू  
सब फेसबुकका वालहरूमा भेटिएछन्,

मेरो बा किन भेटिएन, बुझ्नै सकिएन ।

अचेल बालाई विज्ञापनका मोडलिङमा  
डमीहरूमार्फत खुब अनुनयविनयमा थिएँ  
सिरानमा तप्किएको आँशुले मभिन्न लुकेका  
बाका अतृप्त धड्कनहरू नाटकीय दृश्यसँगै  
लालायित थिए- सेरोगेटको खोजीतिर !

ढोंगका यादहरू पर्दाभरि थिए-  
जनैको साँचो नपाएर !

आमाहरू हैरान हुन्थे असल बाबुको खोजीमा !

## 14. Speedup Psychotic

During slow blood circulation  
Blocking arterial pressure  
Waves of prosperity  
They were giving exams in the laboratory  
With the saline waters of Anson  
Visitors were running, running  
In the thirst of desire like Kakakul !

The words "Speedup!"  
He was lying on the floor of the mortuary  
With stubborn piles of frozen ice  
Decomposed by chemical reactions !

Here the strong lines were at speed  
The same sirens were sounding  
In the failed ears of every man  
There were speedups for every prosperity  
In the time of absent-mindedness !

Shame on you  
They used to become lovers with white clothes  
In the veil of speed-up eyes  
The rearguards were queuing up  
By speeding up for your groom.

Blood pressure, shame pressure, line pressure  
And close to the pressure of breathing  
The movement was selling lies

Prosperous people were asking for movement  
Waving in the rhythm of crazy songs  
At the speed of arrogance of the road

I am breathing in ICU  
He was stroking his beautiful beard  
With a bubble of oxygen speedup  
The bubbles were rising and bursting  
At the speed of building a new Nepal

Compressor machines in electrical shorts  
Disappeared wandering in his room.

Their speed is just as psychotic !

## स्पीडअप साइकोटिक

सुस्त रक्तसंचारका बेला  
 धमनीका चापहरू छेकिरहेका  
 समृद्धिका तरङ्गित चेतनाहरू  
 प्रयोगशालामा परीक्षा दिँदैथिए  
 अनसनका स्लाइन पानीहरूसँग  
 भिजिटरहरू दौडिरहेथे, दौडिरहेथे  
 काकाकुल भैं मनोरथका प्यासमा !

‘स्पीडअप !’ ‘स्पीडअप !!’ का शब्दहरू  
 मूर्दाघरका चिस्थानहरूमा पल्टिरहेथे  
 जमेका वरफहरूका रूढ थुप्राहरूसँग  
 केमिकलका रियाक्यसनहरूले सडेर !

यता समरथ स्लाइनहरू स्पीडमा थिए  
 उता समान साइनहरू बजिरहेथे  
 प्रत्येक मानिसका असफल कानमा  
 स्पीडअप थिए प्रत्येक समृद्धिका  
 अन्यमनस्क मानसिकताका समयमा !

हराउँदै उडाउँदै गरेका लज्जाहरू  
 प्रेमिल बनिदिन्थे सेता पहिरनसँग  
 स्पीडअप भएका नजरका घुम्टोमा  
 पछेउरिहरू लाम लागिरहेका थिए  
 आफ्ना वरका लागि स्पीडअप गरेर ।

रक्तचाप, लज्जाचाप, स्लाइनचाप  
 अनि श्वासप्रश्वासका चापहरूछेउ  
 ढँटुवाहरूलाई बेचिरहेथे आन्दोलन  
 समृद्धहरूले सोधिरहेथे आन्दोलन  
 पागल गीतका लयमा लहरिरहेका  
 सडकका जथावाभी दम्भका स्पीडमा

आइसीयूमा श्वास फुकिरहेको म  
 सुन्दर दाही छामेर टोलाइरहेथे यता  
 अक्सिजनका स्पीडअपका फोकासँग



फोकाहरू उठिरहेथे अनि फुटिरहेथे  
नयाँ नेपालको निर्माणका स्पीडअपमा

कम्प्रेसर मेसिनहरू विजुलीका सर्टहरूमा  
बेपत्ता घुमिरहेथे आफ्ना कक्षमा ।

तिनीहरूको स्पीड पनि त्यस्तैत्यस्तै साइकोटिक !

## 15.

### Lahdi consciousness

Wavy wave  
Between tsunami rumors  
Storms coming from the side  
Urliethe with the tune of Gandharva  
Bhuvaka flying above  
In the atmosphere of Charka Basai.

Those who flew in the wave  
Consciousness was sold in the city  
Buyers are like kerosene  
They were burning in the flames of fire  
In the initiative of Thotra Jama.

Hot flashes of cold hearts  
The trend was heated by the intoxication of consciousness  
Ask a friend a question !  
No need to answer, have a good trip.

You wait and see the flying birds  
You look back at the clouds in the sky  
They were not in the mood for a destination.  
At regular and casual speeds  
Consciousness was being carried far and wide!

Lahad was flying in the imagination of bravery  
Consciousness was wandering in the misery of equality  
With transparent shadows around the glass

There was a palace of cards in Kumari's gambling house

Some were playing, some were flipping  
Gandharva dice of consciousness !

They were still awake today

In the terror of parents !

Come closer to a calm heart again !

## १५. लहडी चेतना

लहरिने वाफिला  
सुनामी अफवाह बीच  
छेउबाट आएका तुफान  
उर्लिएथे गन्धर्वका धुनसँग  
माथिमाथि उडेका भुवाका  
चर्का बसाइका माहोलमा ।

लहडमा उडेकाहरू  
सहरमा चेतना बेचिदिन्थे  
किनिदिनेहरू मट्टितेलजस्तै  
सत्किदिन्थे आगोका ज्वालामा  
थोत्रा जामाका पहलमानीमा ।

चिसा मुटुहरूका तापका चट्काहरू  
लहड तापिदिन्थे चेतनाका अम्मलमा  
साथीलाई एउटा कुरा सोधूम ल !  
जवाफ दिनु पर्दैन, यात्रा शुभ रहोस् ।

तिमी पर्खेर हेर उडेका चराहरूलाई  
तिमी फर्केर हेर गगनका बादललाई  
तिनीहरू गन्तव्यका लहडमा थिएनन्-  
नियमित अनि आकस्मिक गतिमा  
चेतनाहरूलाई पुर्याइरहेथे टाढाटाढा !

लहड बहादुरीका कल्पनामा उडिरहेथे  
चेतना समदुरीका विपनामा फुरिरहेथे  
शीशाका वरिपरिका पारदर्शी छायासँग

कुमारीका जुवा घरमा तासका महल थियो  
कोही खेलिरहेथे, कोही पल्टाइरहेथे  
चेतनाका गन्धर्व पासाहरूलाई !

आज पनि जागेथे तिनीहरू  
गुरूमापाका त्रासमा !  
फेरि आउनु शान्त मनको नजिकै !

## 16. Hung flame

About nature, love and life  
Debating river bugs  
Arguing- jealous.  
Exchanged in the heart of beautiful flowers  
With the effects of warm fire.

Slowed down every day  
Beside the soft flames  
Life was simmering,  
The monuments of love were falling down  
And the eternal essence of nature  
With Jotine in the gamble of sympathy !

Looking for the essence  
Stories are poems  
So what is the account of love ?  
Among those who are doing  
Incidents were the product of nature  
Someone was touching the heartbeat of love

Those who fall in love with life  
And with a life of love  
Those who live in the life of nature  
And with the nature of life  
The hung man was still burning in the flames  
Lapka a beautiful experience you will never get !

The bright waves of the sun scorching the soil  
In the dark shadows of the sniffing soil

Babies of the heart were searching for love even in the stench !

I would not meet

Villages of their own accord

Don't go up and down

The accompanying confusion

Growing up in public offering

Unconscious similar sounds

Thirst was flying- the images.

## १६. त्रिशङ्कु ज्वाला

प्रकृति, प्रेम र जीवन बारे  
नदीका बगरहरू बहस गर्दै  
तर्क गरिरहेका थिए- जलनका ।  
सुन्दर फूलका मुटुमा साटिएका  
न्याना आगोका प्रभावहरूसँग ।

हरदिन हरप्रभावमा सुस्ताएका  
कोमल ज्वालाका रापहरू छेउ  
उम्लिउम्ली पोखिरहेथे जीवन,  
ठलिरहेथे प्रेमका स्मारकहरू छेउ  
अनि प्रकृतिका अनन्त सारहरू  
समवेदनाका जुवामा जोतिनेसँग !

सार खोजिरहेका  
कथाहरू कविता छन्  
त के भो प्रेमका हरहिसाब  
गरिरहेकाहरूका माझमा  
प्रकृतिका उपजमा निस्ताएथे घटनाहरू  
कोही छामिरहेथे प्रेमको मुटुको धड्कनलाई

जीवनका प्रेममा फसेकाहरू  
अनि प्रेमका जीवनसँग  
प्रकृतिका जीवनमा बसेकाहरू  
अनि जीवनका प्रकृतिसँग  
त्रिशङ्कु ज्वालामा जलिरहेथे अचेल  
कहिल्यै नपाउने सुन्दर अनुभव लप्का !

माटो सेकिरहेका घामका उज्याला तरङ्गहरू  
माटो सुँघिरहेका जुनका अँधेरा दोछायाँहरूमा  
दुर्गन्धमा पनि माया खोजिरहेथे मनका शिशु !

म भेट्दिन थिएँ  
आफ्नै औकातका गाउँहरू  
उकालो यता न उताका  
साथमा रहेका अलमलहरू

लोकार्पणमा मौलाएका  
बेहोसी समान स्वरहरू  
प्यासले उडिरहेथे- बिम्बहरूले ।



## 17. **Deurali dhukirahanda**

Lives of closed breath  
With burns like fire  
You are with me- the paths touch my heart  
With the rest of Saledo's tears  
Deurali flows everywhere  
The announcements of the people who are hiding !

Fables of Hosi Behosi Farman  
Rangeela is with the sky  
With the news that disappointments are coming  
Don't be discouraged  
With the birds flying with open eyes !

Waiting for the old cut stones  
Steps descending and descending  
With the dhakars rising up the hill  
The backs are tired and they are pushing me  
Deurali are the same today !

“Twelve sons, thirteen grandsons in Deurali's Mazheri  
Hurricane with a wave of fog over the shoulder  
Siretto is sniffing the heat- my breath  
People live in the nature of coming and going.”

The roofs have been crumbling since time immemorial  
The rains overflowed and flowed around.

## १७. देउराली ढुकिरहँदा

बन्द निःश्वासका जीवनहरू  
आगोजस्ता जलनहरूका साथ  
तिमीसँगै छ- बाटोहरू मेरो मुटुछेउ  
बाँकी सलेदोको एकफन्को आँसुसँग  
जता पनि बग्छन् देउराली सुसाइमा  
ढुकिरहँदाका मानिसका ऐलानहरू !

होसी बेहोसी फर्मानका गाथाहरू  
रङ्गिला साथमा आकासतिर छन्  
निरासीहरू आउँदै गरेका खबरसँग  
हतास पनि छैन जोशिला मताबछेउ  
आँखा खोली उडेका चराहरूसँग !

जुनी काटेका पत्थरहरू पर्खिरहेका  
ओरालो ओर्लँदाओर्लँदैका पयरहरू  
उकालो उक्लँदैउक्लेका ढाकरहरूसँग  
पिठ्यूहरू थाकेर मलाई ढुकिरहेका  
देउरालीहरू आज पनि उस्तैछन् !

“बाह्र छोरा तेह्र नाती देउरालीको मभेरीमा  
हावाहुरी काँधैमाथि कुहिरोका छालसँग  
ताप्दाताप्दै सिरेटोले ढुकिरैछ- मेरै श्वास  
मानिसहरू आउने जाने प्रकृतिमा वास ।”

छानाहरू लथालिङ्ग उहिलेउहिलेदेखि  
वर्षातहरू पोखिएर बगे छैवैनेरी ।

## 18. Goalkeeper friend

Blue or blue water of the pond  
His blue or blue face  
The bright face of his passion  
And his red face was moving-  
The feet of the age returning to the horizon.

The running legs were swimming:  
With the waves in the frog's move  
In the story of the poet's flight of imagination  
Dirty bodies were washed frequently  
There were no tears to wash away the dirty eyes  
With Kakakul's thirsty thirst!

Goalkeeper Screaming  
within the boundaries of the nearby goalposts !

The clouds of the sky covered it  
Black faces with the weather !

Poetry was flying in the sky in panic  
With the waves of the meditative spectator's emotions  
There was silent applause.  
Beside the red faces of goalkeeper friends.

Grinning teeth at the height of a soft smile  
His hands on the blue water of the pond  
Vaka's voice in the poem seemed to be the same  
With the differences in the seasons !

Listeners and listeners and play and play  
They were sprouting with the green leaves of the paddy field  
They were wandering around in the light of Kirtha's beetle !

We were friends:  
Those who are cultivating poetry  
Goalposts are hidden in turns !

We were the same and then we were the same-  
Panicked by barley cultivation.

## १८. गोलकिपर फ्रेण्ड

पोखरीका निला न निला पानी  
उसका निला न निला अनुहार  
उनका उमङ्गका उज्याला मुहार  
अनि तिनका राता मुहारमा घुमिरहेथे-  
क्षितिजमा फर्केका जमानका पयरहरू ।

दौडिरहेका खुट्टाहरू पौडिरहेथे-  
भ्यागुताका चालमा छालहरूसँग  
कवि कल्पनाका उडाइका कथामा  
मैलिएको शरीर पलपल पखालिएथे  
मैलिएको नजर पखाल्ने आँशु थिएन  
काकाकुलका प्यासका तिर्खालुसँग !

गोलकिपर छेकिरहेथे, रोकिरहेथे मन,  
नजिकै गोलपोष्टका सीमाभित्र चिहाएर !

आकासका बादलहरू छोपिरहेथे यस  
काला अनुहारहरूले मौसमसँग हियाएर !

अत्तालिएर कविता उडिरहेथे आकासमा  
ध्यानमग्न दर्शकका भाव तरङ्गहरूसँग  
चुपचाप चुपचाप तालीहरू थिए- भकासमा,  
गोलकिपर साथीका राता अनुहारहरू छेउ ।

मन्दमुस्कानका उचाइतिर खिस्स दातहरू  
पोखरीका निला जल तङ्गका हिस्स हातहरू  
उस्तैउस्तै लाग्थे कविताका भाकाका स्वर पनि  
ऋतुहरूका मौसममा बएलिएका भेदहरूसँग !

सुन्ने र सुनाउनेहरू अनि खेल्ने र खेलाउनेहरू  
धानबारीका हरिया पालुवाका साथमा उँगिरहेथे  
बत्तिएर घुमिरहेथे किर्थोका घुनका मजाकमा !

हामी साथीसाथी थियौँ-  
कविता खेती गरिरहेकाहरू

पालैपालो गोलपोष्ट ढुकेर बसेका !

उस्तै थियौ र अनि उतै थियौँ-  
जौबारीका खेतीबाट अत्तालिएका ।

## 19. Mountain fashion

The feet of the earth are fluttering towards the sky  
Middle class people  
They were begging in disguise.  
The waves of Alakhananda's face  
With Shiva dancing in the fashion soma  
Along the city's main thoroughfares  
Begging- among the beauty of Parvati.

When the songs rained down on Saun Bhel  
Batuwa's ears were ringing  
Like the air dream of torrential rain  
Even the rising sun seemed shameless  
Towards monasteries and temples of cultural influence !

Fashion Soca in many auditoriums  
There were sadhudhari sadhus, Shiva and Parvati  
In the sandalwood and Vigut of the diseased forehead  
Intoxicated and some panicked  
There was a lot of dancing in the street.  
My heart was crying with the base kachingals.

Scenes came and went with a wave of influence  
People were walking, God was walking in a circle  
By becoming a lover in the burning of Sheshnag.  
Embraced laughter of a tidal wave  
By turning into a rite with honeymoon nights !

Mountain winds blowing in amazement  
Of course, the frustrations of the running emotions  
In the morning they used to say ballbum,

in the evening they used to say fashion.  
The sound of chanting at Akbar's gathering.

The flowing stones were standing still in the river  
The water was gushing like a torrent  
The children were talking ballbum in makeup  
Shake your hips during the fashion season  
Bail bonds in the lab.

Some risks reduction options  
Lost on the road in a changed format.

I'm the same, he's the same, all the same,  
Fashion Soka Audience Head !



## १९. पर्वतको फेशन

भूईँका खुट्टा आकासतिर बजादै  
औसत जमातका मानिसहरू  
फुस्रा न फुस्रा भेषमा गुहारिरहेथे-  
अलखनन्दाका छहराका छालहरू  
फेशन सोमा नाचिरहेका शिवसँगै  
सहरका ठूलाठूला सडकका छेउछाउ  
भीक मागिरहेथे- पार्वतीका सौन्दर्यमाभक्त ।

जब साउनका भेलमा बर्सिएका गीतहरू  
बटुवाका कानमा धुन भरिरहेका हुन्थे  
मुसलधारे वर्षाका हवाई सपनाजस्तै  
उदाएका घाम पनि निर्लज्ज बतासिन्थे  
सांस्कृतिक प्रभावका मठ मन्दिरतिर !

फेशन सोका अनेक प्रेक्षालयहरूमा  
साधुधारी साधुहरू थिए, शिव र पार्वतीहरू  
रोगनधारी ललाटका चन्दन अनि विगुतमा  
नसामा मात्तिएका अनि कोही आत्तिएकाहरू  
सडकमा भ्याली फिटिरहेथे ताण्डव नाचको,  
मन रोइरहेथे आधारातका कचिङ्गलहरूसँग ।

दृश्यहरू आउँथे, जान्थे प्रभावका तरङ्गसँग  
मानिस हिँडिरहेथे, भगवान गुडिरहेथे चक्करमा  
शेषनागका जलनमा माथिमाथि प्रेमिल बनेर ।  
अँगालिएका हँसाइहरू उन्मादमय ज्वारका  
सुहाग रातहरूसँग संस्कारमा परिणत भएर !

आश्चर्यमा उडिरहेका हिमाली बतासहरू  
निश्चयमा दौडिरहेका भावरका हतासहरू  
विहानै बोलबम भन्थे, साँझै फेशन सो गर्थे-  
अकबरका महफिलमा लैलामजनुका नादले ।

बगेका पत्थरहरू नदीमा ठिङ्ग उभिरहेथे  
पानीहरू बगिरहेथे छचल्किएर बैसालुभैँ  
नानीहरू बोलबम बोलिरहेथे श्रृङ्गारमा

फेशन सोका बेला कम्मर हल्लाइहल्लाई  
जमानत राखेर पखेराहरूका लैबरीमा ।

जोखिम न्यूनिकरणका केही उयायहरू  
परिवर्तित ढाँचामा हराएथे सडकमा ।

म त्यस्तै, उ पनि त्यस्तै, सबै उस्तैउस्तै,  
फेशन सोका दर्शकहरू मख्ख !

## 20. Leukemia

Large degree holders  
They were arguing in the street  
Burning Retired Life Tires-  
Leaving the challenges of pride on the road.  
There are seven or eight goats-  
Challenges were heard on televisions.

Husbands were frightened by the white-collar terror  
Children born in the incarnation of a pig's cage  
The incarnations were like the Messiahs of Jesus  
The incarnations were not like Krishna's Yaduvansh  
With the tears of the disguised mother of enchanting affection !

I used to associate with gentle mothers in life,  
At this time, the country and the world are running  
on the cultivation of illusion  
I also met evil mothers, 'Worship him!'  
Near the bright futures that are bursting with pain.

In my blood flowing in the worship of Satmata  
Labor taxes boiled down to his every word,  
Silently, the ideal was falling in Tukuchama !  
The footsteps seemed hasty all over the world

Above the tiered precedents  
There were debates  
Retired Bajir's mansions  
They were climbing shamelessly, shamelessly  
Covered with shame and wrapped in a veil !

With the dignity of selfishness  
Husbands with ideals  
Shameless self-promotion  
for Ballistic Products and a great bargain  
on a neat little knife for you  
Waking up the devils of Ghat !

The storms of impulse were blowing around  
In the midst of prostitution.

Being a mother is like being a husband  
Many wives walking around wearing garlands

I was flipping the sheet of terror, flipping  
Breathing fast.

Leukemia: (*Cancer of the body's blood-forming tissues.*)

## २०. श्वेतग्रिभी आतङ्क

ठूलाठूला डिग्रीधारीहरू  
सडकमा तर्क पकाउँदै थिए  
रिटायर्ड लाइफका टायर बाल्दै-  
दम्भका लल्कारहरू छोडेर सडकमा ।  
उता सात आठ कक्षाका बबुराहरू -  
लल्कार सुनिरहेथे टेलिभिजनहरूमा ।

छटपटाइरहेथे श्वेतग्रिभी आतङ्कले श्रीमानहरू  
सुँगुरको खोरका अवतारमा जन्मेका बच्चाहरूछेउ  
अवतार दिनेहरू ईसुका मसिहाहरू जस्ता थिए  
अवतार लिनेहरू कृष्णका यदुवंश जस्ता न थिए  
मायावी ममताका छद्मभेषी माताका आँसुहरूसँग !

मैले जीवनमा सज्जन माताहरूको सँगत गरेथें,  
देश दुनियाँ भ्रमका खेतीमा दौडिरहेका यो बेला  
दुर्जन माताहरू पनि भेटें, 'दण्डवत् छ तिनलाई !'  
वेदनाहरू फुटिरहेका कलिला भविष्यहरू नेर ।

सतमाताको आराधनामा बगेका मेरा रगतमा  
श्रमका करहरू उम्लिएथे तिनका हरशब्दसँग,  
चुपचाप चुपचाप आदर्श ढलिरहेथे टुकुचामा !  
पाइलाहरू फटाफट लागेथे घृणाले दुनियाँभर

टायर्ड भएका नजीरहरू उपर  
बहसका लम्फाहरू थिए  
रिटायर्डहरू बजीरका हवेलीहरू  
चढिरहेथे बेसरम, बेरसम  
लाजले छोपिदैं घुम्टोमा बेरिएर !

स्वार्थ सिध्दताका मर्यादाहरूसँग  
आदर्शहरूसँग जलेका श्रीमानहरू  
बेकाम आगो फुकिरहेथे निर्लज्ज  
घाटका शैतानहरूलाई जगाएर !

आवेगका हुरीहरू मडारिन्थे यताउता

वेश्यावृत्तिका चहलपहलमा ।

माता हुनु त श्रीमान् जस्तो नजीरको  
माला जपेर हिंड्ने अनेकौं श्रीमतीहरू

आतङ्कको पाना पल्टाइरहेथेँ, पल्टाइरहेथेँ  
छिटोछिटो निःश्वासले ।

**श्वेतग्रिभी :** (शरीरको रगत बनाउने तत्त्वहरूको क्यान्सर ।)

## 21. Gorakhdhanda Auditorium

When the brain is flying  
The 'technological plates' of the mind  
The twins were riding  
With the beds of the cold bed  
In the scene of the arrival bell ringing.

There were people around-  
With Chisa Cement in the auditorium  
They were crawling on the cannons of pain  
The smoke from the infinite fire  
The 'smoke' was flying in the spy of the heart  
Beautiful, calm and prosperous Nepal.

The temple bells were ringing  
The peaks of the stupa were disappearing  
Near the people in the courtyard of the heart  
With the story of Ulfat Ulfat-  
The eyes of the world.

I was exchanging rings and earrings  
In the wedding pavilion of death hunger strike  
There were those who cried and those who laughed  
In the thought of tears that could not be shed,

Gorakhdhanda lunatics in the auditorium  
The tongs were fluttering- in the ghostly ashes.

Tweezers and tunes of Gorakhnath  
They fluttered their wings, made a croaking noise and dropped dead

In the sound wave of a technotic plate.

Bitter experiences at every step  
On the order of every row  
The dramas around the auditorium were rising  
In the mornings of beggars begging  
My people Aiya ! Aiya !! I would-  
In the crowds of Gorakhdhanda auditorium !

Consciousness every morning  
The nails of deceit and hypocrisy were hung  
Tundrung was hanging plastic  
Latpatira in the past of Gorakhnath.

Everyone's tears were coming on the screen  
Flowers beside the whirlpool.



## २१. गोरखधन्दा प्रेक्षालय

मस्तिष्क उडिरहेका बेला  
मनका 'टेक्नोटिक प्लेटहरू'  
सयर गरिरहेथे जुम्लीहरूका  
चिसा ओछ्यानका पल्लाहरूसँग  
आगमका भ्याम्टा बजिरहेका दृश्यमा ।

यतातिर मानिसहरू थिए-  
प्रेक्षालयका चिसा सिमेन्टसँग  
घुस्रिरहेथे दर्दनाका तोपहरूमा  
असीम आगो तापेर धूवाहरूछेउ  
'धूवा' उडिरहेथे मनका जासुसीमा  
सुन्दर शान्त अनि समृद्ध नेपालको ।

मन्दिरका घण्टहरू बजिरहेथे  
स्तुपका शिखरहरू हराइरहेथे  
हृदयका आँगनका जनहरूछेउ  
उल्फतउल्फतका कहाँनी हालेर-  
दुनियाँका आँखाका स्वयंम्बरहरू ।

म औँठी साटिरहेथे, बाला भिरिरहेथे  
आमरण अनसनको विवाह मण्डपमा  
जग्गेमा रूनेहरू थिए, हाँस्नेहरू पनि  
अन्मिन नसकेका आँसुका खयालमा,

उता प्रेक्षालयमा गोरखधन्दाका पागलहरू  
चिम्टा बजारिरहेथे- भुतभुते खरानीहरूमा ।

गोरखनाथका चिम्टा औ धुनीहरू  
हावामा फर्फराइरहेथे भल्लरहरूसँग  
टेक्नोटिक प्लेटका ध्वनि तरङ्गमा ।

हर पदचापका तीता अनुभवहरू  
हरेक पङ्क्तिका आदेश उपरमा  
उठिरहेथे प्रेक्षालयतिरका ड्रामाहरू  
भिखारीहरूले माग्ने प्रभातको थुप्रोमा

मेरा जनहरू ऐया !, ऐया !! मै हुन्थे-  
गोरखधन्दाको प्रेक्षालयका भीडहरूमा !

विहानका हरेक भोरमा चेतनाहरू  
टाँगेथे छल र कपटका नेलहरूलाई  
तुन्दुङ्ग लत्रिएथे प्लाष्टिकहरू  
गोरखनाथका विगुतमा लट्पटिएर ।

सबैका रूवाइतहरू पर्दामा आइरहेथे  
भँवराका चालमा फूलहरू छेउ ।

## 22. Still wave

Jumping on the road  
Eternal eyes  
With a life of green stealing  
Carrying the winds of the black heart  
People were watching the universe  
With Tufani sister's expectations

The vibrant colors of life were green-  
Hand in hand like a green thief in the market.  
Life was moving in a hurry- with Paila  
Even the leaves stick to the green particles !

The stars of the fashion show were coming  
When reversed with the illusions of aliens  
The road was uninhabited- on the other side,  
The green scenery is colored by the weather.

The standing mountains would melt  
Reducing heartburn degrees  
The wishes of Begum Sargam of Dobhan  
In the lure of Begum's fried green color !

The waves were smooth- to the tune of the serpent  
Between the tricks of the still air  
Leaning on the very high scenes of Swadharma  
Pigeons flew in search of peace  
With feet of still waves  
Mobiles were in a hurry- all over the place  
Information was leaked- as usual

Rituals of the world carried by rituals  
Preet was wandering around the world called,  
Somewhere in the skulls, somewhere on the sidewalks

The lives of green thieves  
Like the rainy season  
Sticking with the rainstorms  
They used to come with me, they used to go with him  
Every moment piercing the leaves of the young heart.

The hearts of the thrones were hurting:  
The colors of the still life of the still wave,  
With memories of Mughal Mumtaz.

The Taj Mahal was stable - around the eyes,  
Silent waves in the sweet voice of love !

## २२. निश्चल तरङ्ग

सडकमा कुदिरहेका  
अनन्तअनन्त आँखाहरू  
हरिया चुराका जीवनसँग  
काला मनका बतासहरू बोकेर  
ब्रह्माण्ड सयर गरिरहेथे जनहरू  
तुफानी बहनका प्रतिकाहरूसँग

जीवनका गतिशील रङहरू हरिया थिए-  
बजारका हरिया चुराजस्तै हातहातमा ।  
हतारमा जीवन चलिरहेथ्यो- पाइलासँग  
हरित कणले लट्टिएर पातहरू पनि !

आउँथे फेसन शोतिरका सिताराहरू  
जब उल्टिएर एलियनका भ्रमहरूसँग  
सडक बेखबर हिड्थ्यो- पल्लो किनारामा,  
हरिया दृश्यहरूले रङ्गिएर मौसमछेउ ।

उभिएका हिमालहरू पग्लिदिन्थे  
मनभरि ज्वरो डिग्रीहरूलाई घटाउँदै  
दोभानका बेगमय सरगमका ईच्छाहरू  
बेगमका तल्लिन हरिया रङका मोहमा !

तरङ्गहरू सजल थिए- नागीनका धुनमा  
निश्चल वायुका मताबका चालहरू बीच  
स्वधर्मका अतिउच्च दृश्यहरूलाई टेकेर  
मनका परेवाहरू उडेथे शान्ति खोज्दै  
निश्चल तरङ्गहरूका पयरका साथमा  
मोवाइलहरू हतारमा हुन्थे- आवाजभरि  
सूचनाहरू छताछुल्ल हुन्थे- रिवाजसरि

रितले बोकेका दुनियाँका संस्कारहरू  
प्रितले डाकेका दुनियाँसँग डुलिरहेथे,  
कतै खोपी त कतै सडकका पेटीहरूमा

हरिया चुराका जीवनहरू

साउने वर्षातका भेलजस्तै  
भरीका तुफानहरूसँग टाँसिएर  
आउँथे मसँग पनि, जान्थे ऊसँग पनि  
कलिला हृदयका पत्रहरू छेडेर हरपल ।

सिंहासिनहरूका दिलहरू दुखिरहेथे-  
निश्चल तरङ्गका जीवनका रङहरू अचेल,  
मुगलका मुमताजका स्मरणहरूसँग ।

ताजमहल स्थिर थियो- आँखा वरिपरि,  
प्रेमका मधुरवाणीमा निश्चल तरङ्गले !

## 23. Snowmobile

The shaking of the mountains  
He was talking to Ganga in Mayalpos  
The cold winds of pollution are blowing  
Climbers who were walking were slipping  
With blurred views of Black Rivon  
And 'I' and 'U' are violent events  
They were waiting at the top of the luxurious building.

The hikers were from the mountains- in sight  
The climbers were also at work- in the city  
Ascending and descending, they descended there.

The poet of the snowy section is like Bhakha !  
Like the poetic eyes of Hilamya Chowk !!

The singers were singing the voices of the victims  
In the melting snow to the tune of the fiddle,  
The world was moving far and wide  
Towards Mars in the celestial heaven of snow.

Those who added hope were wandering in Ashan  
Dice players were watching the stakes  
Misguided young minds were flying:  
Looking at the flight of emotions !

In the bratalu cages of the current eye  
The birds were roaring to the destined destiny !

I felt like flying- in the steam of cold snow

Vapors would fall and become rain in front  
The lush roots were lush:  
In the song of the season by exposing oneself.

The saints were blowing smoke- Nasaka.  
They were talking about the justice of the high court.  
Passengers were carrying handkerchiefs and begging.

The rides of heaven were eternal, even on the hillsides !



## २३. हिमवतको सयर

हिमालका 'ल्यातल्यात' हिलाहरू  
मयलपोसमा टल्किरहेथे गङ्गासँग  
प्रदुषणका चिसा उडन्ते बतासहरूछेउ  
हिँड्दै गरेका आरोहीहरू चिप्लिरहेथे  
व्याक रिवोनका धमिला दृश्यहरूसँग  
अनि 'म' अनि 'ऊ' जवरजस्त घटनाहरू  
पखिरहेथे आलिशान भवनका टाकुरामा ।

पदयात्रीहरू हिमालका थिए- नजरमा  
आरोहीहरू कामका पनि थिए- सहरमा  
उकालो उक्लँदा, ओरालो चढ्थे त्यहाँ ।

हिमवत् खण्डका कविका भाखाजस्तै गरी !  
हिलाम्य चोकका कविका आँखाजस्तै गरी !!

गाइनेहरू गाइरहेथे पिरतीका स्वरहरू  
सारङ्गीका धुनमा पग्लिएका हिउँमा,  
दुनियाँ हिँडिरहेथे टाढाटाढाबाट अचेल  
हिमवतका स्वर्गीय सयरमा मङ्गल ग्रहतिर ।

आशा जोड्नेहरू आशनमा घुमिरहेथे  
पासा खेल्नेहरू दाउहरूमा हेरिरहेथे  
भुक्किएका कलिला मनहरू उडिरहेथे-  
भावनाका उडानका जहाजलाई हेर्दै !

चालु नजरका ब्रतालु पिंजडाहरूमा  
चराहरू रटिरहेथे निर्दोष भाग्यलाई !

उड्ँउड्ँ लाग्थे- चिसा हिउँका वाफमा  
वाफहरू भरेर भरि बनिदिन्थे अगाडि  
रसिला मूलबाटाहरू लम्पसार थिए-  
आफैलाई नङ्ग्याएर मौसमका गीतमा ।

साधुहरू धूँवा उडाइरहेथे- नसाका ।  
गफ गरिरहेथे- उच्चालयका न्यायसँग ।

रूमाल अनि भिक्षा बोकिरहेथे यात्रीहरू ।

स्वर्गका सयर अनन्त थिए डाँडा पल्लापट्टि समेत !

## 24. In the path of the lame

Silent nights  
And the days passed quickly  
Seasons of rejoicing were falling  
In desires like Suhag Raga  
Alone and completely alone with Perms  
On the rise, in Van's past stories.

Next to the creators climbing the mansion  
Slow winds were blowing in the snow  
Lights colored by the hope of self-immolation  
The hymns were flying in the singing songs:  
Malum's self-sacrifice is in full swing.

The mountains of the country were flooded with rain  
The gorges of the province were submerged by the water  
Hesitantly, the birds would reach the nest  
Jhutin with the lanterns of the mansion.

The birds with their wings fell,  
Falling into the nests of the poor,  
Singing colorful songs of joy.

Yata Ram, Uta Ram  
And references to pauses  
They were carrying my oaths too  
With the restless nights moving.

Poets like singing poetry  
They were going crazy- in Suhag like me.

Those who carried me were missing:  
In front of the talents of the selfish market !

There were luminaries- famous personalities  
Gathering- I have the bride's talk.

Today was Bhanu Jayanti,  
In the chataro of akavis  
They were flying- to the tune of whirlpools  
His soul was in the air.

The sea was calm with me even in the rainy season !

## २४. लमीहरूको पथमा

सुटुक्क आए रातहरू  
अनि फटाफट गए दिनहरू  
उल्लासका मौसमहरू भर्दैथे  
सुहाग रागका जस्ता तृष्णाहरूमा  
एकलै अनि नितान्त एकलै पर्महरूसँग  
उभारमा, भानका विगत कथाहरूमा ।

हवेली चढिरहेका सर्जकहरूका छेउतिर  
मन्दमन्द बतासहरू सुसेलीरहेथे हिउँमा  
आत्मदाहका आशले रङ्गिन बत्तिहरू  
गाइरहेका गीतहरूमा भजनहरू उडिरहेथे-  
मालुमका स्वार्थ त्यागमा लहसिदै बगरमा ।

देशका पहाडहरू बगिरहेथे वर्षातले  
प्रदेशका खोंचहरू डुबिरहेथे जलले  
संकोच मान्दै चराहरू बासमा पुगेथे  
हवेलीका लालटिनहरूसँग भुत्तिन ।

पखेंटा जलेका चराहरू भरेथे,  
परिरहेथे बिचल्लीका गुँडहरूमा,  
उल्लासका रङ्गिला गीतहरू गाउँदा ।

यता राम, उता राम  
अनि विरामका सन्दर्भहरू  
बोकिरहेथे मेरा कसमहरू पनि  
हलचल चलिरहेका चन्चल रातहरूसँग ।

कविता गाइरहनेजस्तै कविहरू  
पागल भइरहेथे- मजस्तै सुहागमा ।

मलाई बोक्नेहरू हराइरहेथे-  
स्वार्थका बजारका प्रतिभाहरू अगाडि !

लमीहरू थिए- नाम चलेका पर्सन्यालिटीहरू  
जुटाइरहेथे- मसँग बेहुलीका कुरा ।

आज भानुजयन्ती थियो,  
अकविहरूका चटारोमा  
उडिरहेथे- भँवराहरूका धुनमा  
उनका प्राण वायुका नजरले ।

सागर वर्षे भेलमा पनि शान्त थियो मसँग !

## 25. At the foot of the ice

Oops ! O Prakriti, Prakrit Dhara,  
In your sublime fickleness  
The clouds were flying  
Towards my feet right now  
In the deepest depths of the sky !

They were asking for directions- heavenly paths  
With shadows fading into obscurity  
Drama of the steps of the sun  
Asmila's heart was pounding  
Showing the silences of Rajaish  
In the skill of oil and bronze.

Your instincts were aroused  
With the message deep inside my lips  
To the point of departure of Ashapuri  
They were flying balloons of emotion  
Towards the fukifuki heights.

The birds were nesting  
They were losing in the dark of night  
Joining and standing was like you  
Deep blue waves of the sky  
Like the kings of the story in Lamala.

The nature that stands in the dissonant story  
Kings were conquering in history  
'Nowadays heroes are in a comfortable scene'

The boiled sweat was dripping hot  
From the side of the mind and brain  
With market rumors !

The steps on the ice are very hard  
And it was not cold- in the fridge.



## २५. बरफका पाइलातिर

उफ ! ओ प्रकृति, प्राकृत धरा,  
तेरा उदात्तउदात्त चन्चलतामा  
बादलहरू उडिरहेथे नजरकाछेउ  
मेरा सँगका पयरहरूतिर अचेल  
आकासका निलानिला गहिराइमा !

बाटो सोधिरहेथे- स्वर्गीय पथहरू  
ओभेलमा अल्मलिँदै छायाँहरूसँग  
घामका पाइलाका नाटकीयताहरू  
हृदयमा ठोकिरहेथे अस्मिता धड्कन  
रजाइशका मौनताहरू देखाउँदै  
तेलकाँसा अनि लुकामारीका सीपमा ।

तिम्रा सजल भावहरू अकासिएथे  
मेरा अधरका गहिराइका सन्देशसँग  
आशापुरीका महाप्रस्थान बिन्दुसम्म  
उडाइरहेका थिए- भावनाका बेलुनहरू  
फुकिफुकी उचाइका तरेलीहरूतिर ।

चराहरू बासबस्ने बेलामा थिए  
हारिरहेथे अँधेरा रातका प्रहरमा  
जोडिनु अनि उभिनु तिमीजस्तै थ्यो  
गहिराइमा गगनका निला तरङ्गहरू  
लामालामा कथाका राजाहरूजस्तै ।

बेसुरा कथामा उभिरहेको प्रकृतिलाई  
राजाहरू विजय गरिरहेथे इतिहासमा  
'अचेल नायकहरू सहज दृश्यमा हुन्थे'

बाफिला पसिनाहरू तपतप खसिरहेथे  
मन अनि मस्तिष्कका सियाँलतिरबाट  
बजारका हल्लाहरूसँग !

बरफमा टेक्ने पाइलाहरू अति कठोर  
अनि चिसा न चिसा थिए- फ्रिजमा ।